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SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Never did poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men!
I thought these men will carry hence
Promptings their former lives above;
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.
LOWELL.

How frequently do we hear it said, "the age of poetry has passed in England;" "that men no longer care for the ideal"—assertions so far removed from truth, that we should not pause to refute them but for the all but universal credence they have obtained. No poetry in England!! Why, London itself is a never-ending epic, interspersed with satires, madrigals, and pastorals, jotted confusedly together in one huge volume, bound in brick and stone. No poetry!!! The overgrown city teems with it. It meets you in every street; strikes on the ear in a hundred voices—some loud, some hushed—mingling in the hot stream of life, and tinting it with its many-colored passions.

Look at the clerk, who, regularly, for forty years, has trudged his way into Lombard street or the Minories; there is a heroism, one of the finest elements of poetry, even in his dull existence. The balm-breathing breath of spring, the glowing heat of summer, autumn's healthful breeze, are invitations thrown away upon him—he is too poor to accept them; he cannot afford the time to gaze upon the face of Nature, rejoice in her smiles, interrogate her secrets; they are a sealed page to the poor city drudge, and none the less tantalizing that he knows there are such secrets. The little, sun-parched patch of earth at Hackney or Islington, which he calls his garden, has told him that; he is chained to his desk like Prometheus to his rock, a voluntary sacrifice. And why? He has a wife and children!

Is there no poetry, we ask, in such a life? The pelican feeding its young with blood drawn from its own breast is but a feeble type of it.

Regard your great speculators!—magnates upon 'Change, who direct the commerce of the world, and deal with millions as familiarly as costermongers handle pence, who have magnificent mansions, fine carriages and horses, liveried menials, exquisite wines, and a table Lucullus might envy. They are equally serfs, there is a biting satire in their lives. Like Frankenstein, they are fettered to the idol they have raised. It may be of gold and the pedestal of clay. A cypher wrong, a false calculation, and it falls. Day and night they must watch it, lest it crush them; anticipate the changes of the market, the fluctuations of credit, the convulsions of the political atmosphere, and so arrange their lightning conductors that the storm may burst, and leave their fortune unscathed. To stop is ruin, retreat impossible. They know this, and accept it as the condition of their existence.

Thus they persevere—toiling on till the overwrought brain at last gives way—the idol falls and is shattered. Curious eyes examine it; sometimes it proves to have been a bubble of coarsest earth, held together by fraud and indomitable will. Sometimes its fragments are of gold, which greedy heirs soon dissipate.

Thus we find that the speculator lives for an idea, sells himself for an idea, barters health, happiness, the joys of home, and sweet domestic ties for an idea, dies for an idea; but whether that idea be of good or ill, at least, there is a poetry mixed with it.

Suffering is the condition of success. Let no man envy it.

As a pleasing contrast to the picture we have drawn, take the city missionary, as he wends his way, unnoticed, to the abodes of poverty and crime—pity in his heart, consolation on his tongue, and such humble help as his means afford, ready to be bestowed where need most presses. His life is calm as a good man's thoughts; his perseverence enduring as the forbearance of Providence; neither foul words, insult, nor reproaches turn him from the path he has chosen. To the wretched, he whispers hope; to the guilty, penitence. Armed with the *Word*, he shatters the hard, calcareous cist ignorance and indifference have gradually deposited around the sinner's heart, enveloping it as in a winding sheet—rouses it from its torpor, probes the moral gangrene, and awakens it to life.

No morbid sensibilities or artistic tastes urge him to his self-imposed task; love and Christian charity are his motives, heaven his reward.

In London, tragedy, the loftiest element of poetry, is not wanting; but it is seen best at night, when the sleepless city, as from a hive, swarms forth its drones and lepers—some bent on pleasure, others on crime; some, branded with the wearying curse of pursuing shadows that ever seem to fly them. At night poverty quits its toiling, sordid abode, to jostle elbows with wealth, which, in the garish light of day, would smile disdainfully upon its rusty garb and pallid features, to breathe the cool, fresh air, to dream and banquet on the fallacies of hope.

It is at night the battle of humanity rages most fiercely. Step into that nondescript, unfinished monstrosity, the Palace of Westminster—grotesque monument of English taste and English gold, that conglomeration of absurdities, stolen from the hotels de ville of Belgium and Flanders, and plastered over with florid detail to conceal the petty larceny—what shall we behold? Age holding its own against manhood, clinging to power with the tenacity of the death-grip, forcing the brain to unequal contest. Hoary statesmen, the veterans of the arena, know no repose; it is a luxury denied them. Like the city speculator, they dare not sleep, lest younger hands should hurl them from their seat and grasp the reins. The signal for debate once given, and, like the worn war-steed at the trumpet's clang, they take their places in the foremost rank, and fight like gladiators chained to the stake—for what? Wealth? They have more than they can enjoy. Ambition? It has long since palled upon them. Party holds them. They dare not abandon that, but die in harness.

Poetry again!

Look at the man of letters—few know his pangs, trials, and privations—the agony of hope deferred, the uncertainty of success, the bitter humiliation, the hard necessity of keeping up an appearance, the daily struggle to spin bread from his aching brains. When imagination fails, he must descend to the recesses of his own sad heart, and sift the still burning ashes for incidents to amuse the thoughtless million, who read and forget them. Perhaps he has some loved being, some solitary tie, which binds him to the world, dependent upon his exertions, and dares not shrink from his iron task—the dread of failure creeps upon him; paralyzes his worn energies, till sensitiveness verges upon madness. But what do the critics care? They, too, must live. With pitiless nerve they apply the caustic to yet uncicatrized wounds, smile at his contortions, and immolate a victim, rather than eat their mutton cold.

If, by chance, we encounter such a lone one, worn, wild, and haggard, smarting with recent wrong, let us not judge him harshly. The fiery draught is not the only cause of the flushed cheek and burning brow; disappointment and hunger—ay, hunger! although his coat be whole, and his boots well polished—may have painted them.

All literary men are not the reckless bacchanals of the cup and lip, the would-be moralists of the world suppose.

Midnight has struck. Walk into the Haymarket, the mart of vice and suffering masked beneath hollow pleasures. Gaze on the wreck of beauty, listen to the forced mirth, the reckless laugh, reason contending against excitement, and if ever angels' tears have fallen on earth, they sure must shed them there. Regard the youth, his father's hope and pride, fresh from his village home, bewildered, precept struggling against allurement, yielding to evil companionship, yet ashamed of his own weakness. Stung by the mocking sneers of his new friends, he forgets the mother who at that moment may be praying for him, and plunges into sin to escape from ridicule.

A few short weeks of such a life, and the blush of healthful innocence will disappear—give place to the sickly hue of dissipation. The boy will become *blasé*, and fancy himself a man. It is sad to think that the youth of the present day, like the Israelites of old, cast the most precious incense upon unworthy shrines. Take the inmates of a house, no matter which, in one of the close back streets of London. The landlady and her family crowded together in the reeking kitchens; the first floor occupied by the newly-married couple from the country; the second by the professional man—teacher of music or drawing; the attics by the poor ballet girl and still poorer sempstress—tinsel and poverty close neighbors; the first tottering, perhaps, upon the verge of the precipice down which the second has already plunged. Midnight is past. The dancer has cast aside her spangled robe and thin shoes, and is eating her scanty supper; the needlewoman, straining her eyes by the light of a single candle, to finish the embroidery that must be taken home in the morning, and grudgingly paid for at starvation price. If, for an instant, her strength fails and her sight grows dim, she regards the infant sleeping in the truckle bed in the corner, gathers fresh courage, dries her tears, wonders at her weakness, and plies the needle with redoubled assiduity.

Yes, like a living thing, the overgrown city suffers, and suffering is poetry. Every feature, however, is not a sad one. Thank Heaven, there still are homes within its huge embrace in which peace and virtue, sweet content, heart purity, love and happiness, delight to dwell; they are the pastorals of life, and the discontented rich ones its epigrams.

Some of our readers, perchance, may ask why we have commenced with such a phantasmagoria. As coming events cast their shadows before them, so have we cast the prologue of our tale, rough, pen-and-ink sketches of the characters waiting to be introduced to their acquaintance.

We trust that, for the sake of "auld lang syne," they will receive them kindly.

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[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

THE DYING CLERGYMAN.

On the 1st of September, 1820, the sun rose brightly on Lowelstree, a retired village, situated on the borders of Lincolnshire, gilding the slender spire of the rustic church, and the gables of the homesteads clustering around it, with that rich, golden hue peculiar to an English autumn.

The morning, though cloudless, was a cold one. The carters and farm servants, walked briskly, with a determined, business-like air, on their way to the fields, as if they meant work. Most of them, however, relaxed their pace as they approached a house half buried in trees, adjoining the churchyard, of somewhat superior pretensions to the rest, and gazed wistfully at the light still burning in one of the upper windows—shook their heads sadly, and passed slowly on.

Even the plough-boys ceased to whistle as they drew near, and drove their teams in silence.

Most of the husbandmen had gone forth to labor; but the day had not sufficiently advanced for the housewives of Lowelstree to make their appearance yet. The occasional opening of a casement, the thrusting forth of a head, and a hasty glance at the rectory house, where the curate, the Reverend Edward Mansell, was dying, proved the unfeigned sorrow they also felt at the anticipated loss of their friend and pastor, who had lived twenty-five years amongst them, and won their affection and good will, by illustrating in his own life the charity and Christian love of the faith he taught.

The clock had scarcely done striking six when a youth of eighteen, whose appearance denoted a condition superior to that of the laborers and farm servants, walked hastily down the village. He also paused and regarded the rectory window, opened the gate leading to the house, and knocked gently at the door.

It was opened by a respectable-looking female, whose age could not have been much under sixty. Her eyes were red with weeping.

"How is Mr. Mansell?" inquired the young man, in a voice subdued almost to a whisper, as if he feared the answer.

"Dying, Master Tom—dying," sobbed the housekeeper. "It will be a sad loss to Lowelstree. So good a gentleman! We shall never have such another minister."

"Never!" repeated the young man, emphatically. "But is there no hope?"

"None! none!" exclaimed the woman, with a fresh burst of grief. "Doctor Hacket says that he may last till noon—not longer. It would break the heart of a stone," she continued, "to see him—he is so resigned, so patient. I left him gazing on the pale faces of his poor boys, grasping a hand of each, praying for them, consoling and blessing them—no thought of his own sufferings; and I know what they must have been. God knows what will become of them when he is gone."

"Poor Harold!" sighed the visitor.

"Ay, and poor Master Harry," added the housekeeper, reproachfully; "you forget him."

"No, I don't, Mrs. Sparges," replied the youth, warmly; "but Harold, you know, saved my life—dragged me out of the river—at the risk of his own. It is only natural that I should think of him first."

"Perhaps it is, Master Tom," murmured the female, "perhaps it is."

"I have brought you a brace of birds for his father," said the former, at the same time drawing them from the pocket of his shooting-jacket. "I was out before five to shoot them. I thought he might fancy them, and——"

"No, no," interrupted Mrs. Sparges, pushing them back with her hand, "he will never eat again."

"Is that you, Tom?" demanded a youth of fourteen, who now made his appearance in the hall. "Come in."

The speaker was Harry Imray, the nephew of the dying man. An orphan from early infancy, he had never known any other home than the house of his uncle, or any other parent than the benevolent relative who, despite his limited means, and the angry remonstrances of his wealthy relative, Sir Jasper Mansell, head of the great London banking-house of Mansell & Company, persisted in taking charge of him.

The man of money pronounced the conduct of the curate ridiculous and quixotic, felt himself insulted that his advice had not been taken, and treated him with marked coldness ever since; and yet the tie of blood between them was a near one: they were half brothers.

If affection could have repaid him, the worthy man would have found ample recompense for the sacrifice the additional charge upon his slender means entailed, in the love and obedience of the friendless boy, whom he educated with his own son Harold, a spirited, fine-hearted youth, about the same age as Tom Mayfield.

The marked contrast in the characters of the two cousins was one cause, perhaps, of the strong attachment which bound them to each other. Harry was timid, gentle almost as a girl; Harold fiery and daring, indignant of the slightest sense of wrong, yet patient with those he loved, frank and trusting. Harry was suited by temperament for a life of retirement, reflection, and peaceful study—Harold to contend with the world, grasp its difficulties, direct its movements, and hold his own in its hot battles. Yet he, too, could be patient on occasion, place the rein upon his feelings, appear calm and impenetrable.

Fatal or splendid qualities in one so young—so soon to be cast without a pilot upon the stormy sea of life—a powerful weapon or a broken shield, according to the use made of them.

Whilst in the vein for description, we may as well photograph the portrait of his friend, Tom Mayfield, the only son of one of the richest farmers in the neighborhood—indulged by his parents as *only* sons generally are indulged—yet, strange to say, unspoiled by their weakness. He was the best shot and cricketer in Lowelstree. At the bat, Harold, perhaps, might have disputed the palm with him, but as a bowler his superiority was incontestible.

For several years a sort of quiet rivalry existed between the two youths; but from the day the curate's son saved the life of his rustic competitor it ceased, and they became friends, fast friends, whom no coldness nor rivalry henceforth could divide, and Tom never displayed so much indignation as when any of the members of the cricket club ventured to praise his skill at the expense of his preserver.

In person, the young farmer was tall, his frame well knit, wiry and strong, without being ungraceful. In fact, he was just such a fellow as would attract the glance of the recruiting sergeant, or a pretty girl at a village fair—both excellent judges in their way.

He had dark hair, a merry hazel eye, and a face which, if not regularly handsome, had candor and manly confidence written in every feature.

No wonder, with such advantages, that he was popular with the fair sex. The most prudent mothers in Lowelstree forbore to chide when they discovered their daughters chatting with Tom Mayfield.

At the rectory he was almost as much at home as at the farm, and yet he hesitated to enter the house at the invitation of Harry.

The shadow of Death was in it, and he felt awed at the majesty of its presence.

"Come in," repeated the sorrowing youth.

Tom stepped into the hall; the speaker grasped his hand, and tried to speak, but tears choked his utterance.

"It be the will of God, Master Harry," said the young farmer, in a low tone; "we must all submit to it. Where be Harold?"

"With his father," sobbed the boy; "with his dear father."

In the chamber above, one of those scenes which wring the heart, proving, by its agonies, that we are something more than clay, was taking place. The dying parting from the living, affection uttering its last counsels, taking its farewell gaze, straining the dim sight to catch the fading lineaments of the being it most loves, imprint them on the reeling brain, and bear them as a memory to the grave.

"Fear God, Harold," murmured the curate, fixing his eyes with calm tenderness upon his son's; "and love Him more, much more, than you fear Him. I have no fortune to leave you, my poor boy," he added; "nothing but an unsullied name."

"And is not that a precious heritage, dear father?" said the youth, whose quivering lip and suppressed voice betrayed the struggle he endured to maintain the outward show of firmness.

"You will not be quite friendless," added Mr. Mansell; "your uncle, Sir Jasper, has promised to assist you as soon as I am dead. Forward the letter I gave you last night to him."

"Yes, dear father; but Harry—what is to become of Harry?"

The dying man sighed deeply; the question had evidently awakened painful feelings in his breast.

"Sir Jasper will do nothing for him," he answered.

There was a pause, during which father and son continued to regard each other earnestly.

"And why not?" demanded the latter, seriously; "Harry will soon have no other protector than myself. Ought I not to know the cause—the motive of this strange distinction? Are we not both his nephews?"

"Yes, yes!"

"You hesitate, and yet I'm sure you do not fear to trust me?"

"Trust you!" repeated the curate, grasping his hand; "with my life, dear boy, had it long years of happiness and usefulnees still to run—with all that I hold most sacred. Trust you! How could I do otherwise than trust a son who never yet deceived me?"

"Never, father! never, willingly!"

"I ought to have foreseen this," murmured Mr. Mansell; "raise my pillow. Thank you; come nearer to me. Should my strength fail, Farmer Mayfield has a letter which will explain all, and three hundred pounds, the savings of many years, placed with him for your use—yours and Harry's," he added, "for I make no distinction between you—he, too, has been to me a son."

"And to me a brother—a dear, affectionate brother," said Harold.

A smile of approbation lit the wan features of the dying man. The proof of disinterestedness was doubly gratifying to him at such a moment. It proved the lessons he had inculcated were sown on good soil.

"Sir Jasper and myself," he said, "are brothers by the father's side—half brothers by blood."

"Not even that by nature," remarked the youth, with bitterness; "your heart is of gold—pure, unalloyed; his——"

"Hush!" interrupted his father, "whatever his faults, it is not for us to judge him. He has promised to take care of you; he would have assisted me; offered me the rich living of Everton, but I refused it."

"Perhaps there were *conditions*, father."

To this observation Mr. Mansell made no reply, but continued the explanation he had felt it necessary to commence.

"Your grandfather's fortune came to him by marriage," he resumed. "I have heard that it was something enormous, but never knew the amount. On his death, as was both just and right, the son of his first wife inherited it, and the mother of Harry and myself were left all but dependent upon his bounty. To do Sir Jasper justice he acted nobly by us: sent me to Oxford—I had no brains for business—paid my expenses there, and supported my sister in affluence, till she offended him past forgiveness by bestowing her hand on one of his own clerks, without asking his consent, or even informing him of her intention."

"Pride," exclaimed Harold, contemptuously; "the empty pride of Mammon. The clerk, no doubt, was poor."

"As we are."

"I thought so," ejaculated his son.

"And illegitimate," added the curate. "But what made the connection doubly offensive to your uncle, was his being a natural son of his own father-in-law, Sir Joseph Imray, the founder of the bank."

The youth slowly repeated the words "natural son," as if weighing them in his mind.

"No doubt of it," said his father; "I ascertained the fact beyond all cavil. And yet," he continued, "I never could understand why Jasper should show such unrelenting animosity to poor Harry. When his parents died, he wanted to send him from England, but I refused, and took charge of him myself."

Harold gently pressed the speaker's hand.

"Three years since he offered me the rich living of Everton, if I would send him to sea."

"To sea!" repeated his hearer, indignantly. "Harry, who has been gently nurtured, who is timid as a girl, to sea? Not whilst I live, and can work for him."

Mr. Mansell regarded his son with a feeling of intense affection, and something like pardonable pride mingled with it, till a painful recollection seemed to cross his mind, when he closed his eyes, and prayed mentally.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, "it will be best."

"What will be best, dear father?" whispered Harold.

"When I am dead, Sir Jasper will be the lawful guardian of your cousin; being a minor, you cannot claim the right."

"I do not fear him!"

"It is hard to judge unfavorably of one so near to me," continued the curate, "but Jasper is revengeful—unforgiving, and has, I fear, but little scruple as to the means of gratifying his resentment; he hates poor Harry."

"Let him hate him," replied his son, scorn

and indignation flashing through his tears; "Harry is my brother in affection if not in blood—your legacy to me; I shall know how to guard it. But you have been deceived," he added, speaking slowly, "your heart, guileless and pure, forbade you to suspect evil in others. Hush! hush!" he repeated, "the feeling is most wounded. Men only know the being they have wronged."

"I fear I have been to blame," murmured Mr. Mansell; "I should have demanded an explanation, sought it by every means, during my wife's life-time."

"If there has been error," said Harold, "I will atone it! I am young, have energy and perseverance more than you dream of! Whatever uncle has played a false game, it shall go hard but I will unmask him; I appoint to never to guarded but at some moment it lets fall a clue to his detection."

"You promise me?" said the cantle.

"By my love and duty's a son," answered the young man, solemnly.

"Call your cousin," said the dying man; "the moment is approaching, and I wish to have you both near me. Be firm, dear boy, be firm," he added. "It is not hard for a Christian not to die."

When Harry Jenny entered the room, he was so struck by the change in the features of his relative and benefactor, that he staggered rather than walked to the side of the bed, where the cousin was already kneeling. The urn of Harold retained him.

"I bequeath my love to both my sons," said the cantle, solemnly, "as a memory and a blessing. Guard them, Almighty Father, from the sins that assail mortality; watch over their hearts with truth; cleanse them with purity; uphold their innocence 'gainst the temptations, that, when the last trumpet sounds, and we must again address the Judge Supreme, the servant may rejoice and thankfully exclaim—Thanks, Lord! the children that thou hast given me both with Thee."

There were the last words that were audible, for nature was nearly exhausted—the struggle almost over; but, while it continued, the lips of the dying man continued to move in mental prayer. The gentle spirit fled at last, abandoning the frail tenement of clay for its more glorious and long-promised garb.

For nearly an hour after the death of Mr. Mansell the orphans remained kneeling by the bed, gathering strength and resignation from that solemn hour, at such moments of our lives, alone it may be found. Harold was the first to rise. He had a solemn duty to perform. With that hand he closed the eyes of the dead father, and imprinted a kiss upon his cheek.

A burning tear fell with it.

Perceiving that his cousin's fortitude had all but given way, he took him by the hand and led him silently from the room.

In less than an hour it was generally known throughout the village that the worthy cantle was no more, and, as deep was the sympathy the mournful event created, that labor was suspended—and but too justly so—for Mr. Mansell bestowed with the intelligence to the farm, and broke it as gently as possible to the men, whom he found reading his Bible by the window.

"A good man takes leave of us," said the farmer, emphatically; "we shall not easily supply his place among us."

Such was the general feeling in Lowestaire.

The death-bell had scarcely ceased tolling, when the housekeeper, her eyes inflamed with weeping, quitted the Rectory house, and posted a letter, sealed with black wax, in the receptacle was in the handwriting of her deceased master.

"Sir Jasper Mansell, Bart., Beechwood House, Lombard street," said the post-mistress, reading it; "why, dear me! Mr. Burgess, was our worthy cantle related to him?"

"Only his brother," was the reply.

"Well, that is strange! My nephew lives opposite Sir Jasper's door; folk say he is mortal rich."

"Very likely, very likely."

"I hope he will do something handsome for the boy; their father was very good too. But charitable not to have died poor!"

There no time to stay for this, and we could wish that only a purple priest, slumbering in his official stall, would utter such a sentiment as epitaph: "He was too charitable not to have died poor!"

CHAPTER II.

Almost married, and both parents dead!
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comfort grow;
Where all the year is spring,
And each bird, in time, knows
Where winds, sometimes, our woods, perhaps, may shake;
But I know no sorrow can befall me there,
Having of mountains that glide by me.
WALTER RALEIGH.

Towards the close of the day, Farmer Mayfield, accompanied by his son, set forth to visit the orphan boys at the rectory house. If the former felt proud of the stalwart youth, upon whose arm he leant, Tom was equally so of his father. He knew the esteem he was held in, for they had talked it over together, and, in his heart, he blessed his unostentatious benefactor. Never had the honest, sunburnt face, and thin, white hair of the old man appeared to him so much veneration; and yet his parent had indulged him in such a free extravagance, and spoiled him, even. The brown rude would not have disgraced Hyde Park, and Tom was a genuine Maniton.

Harold hesitated on conducting the former to the chamber of death himself, and if, at that moment, his sorrow could have admitted consolation, it would have been in the deep reverence with which Mr. Mayfield gazed on the remains of his friend and pastor.

"Here parted he, he died," he whispered; "may my end be like his! It be a priceless thing, young gentleman," he added, "the memory of such a father. Did he name me to thee afore he died?"

"No."

"And tell 'ee of the money?"

"Three hundred pounds placed in your hands for Harry's use and mine?"

"*It be nearer five, Harold.* His reverence forgot the interest, but I shut forgotten it. I be ready to count for it any day, every penny. And now my heart be lighter. He knows," continued the speaker, gazing on his body, "that Farmer Mayfield is true to the trust he placed in him."

"My dear father never doubted it," observed the youth; "he knew your honesty and kindly nature, and wished me to say emergency, to consult you."

"Did he?" exclaimed the farmer, deeply moved. "God bless him! God bless him! But he do somewhat like to talk of worldly matters afore him," he continued, "and yet they must be thought on. Let us go down into the parlor and spent together. I am much glad that way, we I brought Tom to help me."

With their reverence knew they would have retired from the presence of a king, the speakers withdrew from the room, closing the door noiselessly after them.

"Father has told you, Master Harold," said young Mayfield, as soon as they were seated together, "about the money."

"He has," replied his friend. But why call me *Master Harold?* I like plain Harold best."

"I thought it more respectful," answered Tom, hesitatingly; "you are head of the family now. Besides, father and I came to—to—"

"Say, that be it; count to the point," interrupted the farmer.

"To propose that you and Harry should come and live with us. There will soon be one of Squire Howard's farms vacant; it adjoins ours. Farming is not very difficult to learn. Five hundred pounds would stock it. Father will be answerable for the rent, and I will come and work with you, help you to manage it."

"And I shall be near 'ee," added the old man, "as superintend a bit, in a quiet way."

"Don't leave us," exclaimed Tom, seeing that Harold hesitated. "I could work, if you were not there, and nothing, if you were with me for example. The little good there is in me I owe to you and good father's lessons."

"Wife wishes it, too," urged the old man. "Harry would be company for Susannah and she—and Susannah's like 'ee' and he made friends. She would be' some homely, but I be charming—like. She do need her duty, though."

"I have long considered I am indebted for so much kindness," said Harold, "has spared me the pain of refusing your offers, by deciding for me. I am to enter the banking-house of my uncle, Sir Jasper Mansell."

Young Mayfield looked terribly blank at this intelligence.

"What! has the great Sir Jasper Mansell, who bought Lord Livermere's estates, been under?"

"Yes."

"Why, he be rich, they say, o' millions."

"I have been told so."

"And yet he left his brother a poor cantle at Lowestaire! Don't go to him, Master Harold, don't go to him; any 'ee' the friends that love 'ee best, Farmer Mayfield be one of them."

"I fear not," replied the youth, "and, were I to consent, my wishes would be influenced by self of your generosity."

"Not so, not so, generosity," interrupted the farmer.

"But I am not. I am bound to accept my uncle's offer—doubly bound by my duty to the living, by my duty to the dead," he added, solemnly.

At this express declaration, young Mayfield felt terribly disappointed; he had looked forward to the pleasure of having his friend living with Harold.

"It hasn't my fault, Tom," said his father, "I no' done all in my power."

"I know it, father, never reply," observed the object of their solicitude, taking a hand of each. "Our separation, I've added, cannot be for long a time. My rich uncle may forget the promise made to his poor brother, or I may not like his business so unlike. As for a expression was concerned, that I have not the slightest fear, and his mind had taken its tone from his pursuits. The letter I have received from him is more like a page of Ledger, for many years a confidential clerk in the bankinghouse of Mansell, Brothers."

His companion presented a marked contrast. He was a handsome, prepossessing youth, of unmistakable character, the word "manly." There was a sinister expression in the cold, gray eyes, and a hardness of the nether lip, that, combined, not only determination, but cruelty.

A marker exchanged between the new-entered her child in the hands of Harold Mayfield, which was returned by a hearty grasp—a look, over the letter, which Mr. Jasper confirmed by my nephew's friend."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Mayfield, who—received parson of the 1st inst. Jenny, in the midst of your sorrow, remember I am not my the limits—no one greatly shocked me; for, although ignorance on the subject, I am glad you have signed for him. The house of Mr. Mr. Ledger, has received a handsome addition to its name. Such a thing is my wish it should be a handsome one. As soon as convenient, you will please to call on Mr. Jasper, your aunt, Lady Mansell, and cousin, will be happy to make your acquaintance. Such a relation ought to be cemented, at once make an opening for you in my counting-house.

"Your affectionate uncle, JASPER MANSELL."

"Cold-hearted!" was the involuntary exclamation of the cousin, as he finished the letter, which he read aloud for the benefit of his friends.

"Cold-hearted!" was the involuntary exclamation of the cousin, as he finished the letter, which he read aloud for the benefit of his friends.

"Not so. Tom only surprised at the arrangement for Harry. I be sure of that, Tom, be not so fond."

"Umph! few do, at first; but they take to it in time."

"I shall write to my uncle, and——"

"Too late," interrupted the man, "the banker be gone."

"Bargain?" repeated Harold, haughtily.

Sir Jasper has received your letter on this gentleman," sneakily observed the clerk; "appointed Mr. Harold."

"Without consulting his inclinations?" demanded the former, fiercely.

"Rob?" said Riddle, "inclinations! He has no right to such things. I heard the head-clerk, the lawyer, you know, tell Sir Jasper that he was his lawful guardian, and could do with him as he pleased."

"I am in no position to dispute my uncle's will," replied Harold, coldly.

"I should think not, youngster—I should think not!" repeated the clerk.

Mr. John Ledger looked as if there was something very tasty in the sour-krout—his tremor, forgery, or some other dreadful crime—in copying the handwriting of another. Such a thing Suppose the will of Sir Jasper Mansell! He questioned if the Bank of England, and the Stock Exchange would venture on such a step.

"I must go, Harold," said the captain. "Where is the youngster? I should like to see him. Come, Cousin Harold, where is he?"

"You can leave whenever you think proper, Mr. Mayfield," said Harold, firmly, "but my cousin does not quit Lowestaire till after my father's funeral. It is but a short respite," he added, "before separating from the friends who love him and the home of his childhood."

The full-blooded youth was impressed with about his time being valuable; then, turning suddenly short, demanded how he was to amuse himself in such a dog-hole as Lowestaire?

"Your own tastes will best suggest the means," answered the youth. "There is a town in the village."

"All right," said the ruffian. "When does the funeral take place?"

"In two days," answered our hero, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"On the third, then, I'll come for the youngster," replied Captain Riddle; "and mind, he excuses then!"

It was a great relief to Harold when the speaker quitted the house; he looked after him with an expression of intense disgust.

"A rough man," said John Ledger, "a very rough man; but his connection with your cousin will soon his duty under him; Sir Jasper gives me great confidence in Captain Riddle."

"Has my uncle known him long?"

"To my certain knowledge, above twenty years."

Before seeking Harry, to inform him of the arrival of his new relations, Harold retired to his dusty note to his friend Tom, asking him to come directly to Lowestaire.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

ADRIFT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mrs. Farley had exercised a great deal of forbearance towards the girl; that must be admitted. But there was a limit to this. Forgiving, it seems, and this point had been reached.

"I can't put up with this any longer," she said, in the tone of a woman who was entirely out of patience. "There is no reason why the peace and order of my family should be disturbed for the sake of Mildred Ray. She is altogether too large for me to keep upon me—none in the world; and I'll just turn her adrift to take care of herself. She'll soon find the difference between a home and the kind of place to be picked up among strangers. The lesson will do her good."

Mr. Farley looked up from his evening paper. The person against whom the lady complained of was a young girl named Helen Ross. For years before, a family had moved into the house adjoining Mr. Farley's. They were composed of a father, a mother, and one daughter, the person of whom we have just spoken. The mother of this family was Dead. They had been living there for several years, when they were visited particularly by Mrs. Farley. What first attracted her attention to the new-comers was the indulgence she kept her eyes

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO FAMILY READING.
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

SOME MEMORIES.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

"Oh it's home, dearie, home, it's home I think was he,
Home, dearie, home, to my sin-sick soul."

Did you ever watch a wood fire in the process of lighting, and mark how the dull flame crept upward, pale and timid at first, darting a serpent like head here and there, to feel on opposite sides, climbing at last, more boldly, catching by one stick, and hugging to the heart of another, till in a moment more, and bursting through the smoke, reaches the topmost branch, when with the dry brooks ran low a mighty roar, and the green wood hisses and bubbles in its passionate ecstasy? Even so, as I sat in the gray dusk of this morning, with candle and fire shining beside me, and the house all still, does Memory leap and waver on my heart, and clinging at last to one of the ruffled, moonbeat palaces among the dull unkindled coals, wreathe it with her breath till it glows and lives again, over the whole dull heart it warms.

"Some memories" of some early days of mine, that now seem not to be those of a daughter, and now noiseless my eyes with something—can they be tears? Memories of Christmas, perhaps not, perhaps, my better than the present, but which look inconceivably old, viewed from this distance. The pressures of our childhood are ever given the gayness where we are farthest over fair. Will any one tell me that a home was ever half so comfortable and cozy as that on the night of convenient pig-clears, and nooks for ghosts to start out of, and stored with every kind of lovely, and many treasures of another century, to the cream colored bones under the knights, where my first years were spent? Was there ever such a grandma? Show me such rows of current bushes, such beds of cucumbers, such hills of corn and potatoes—such a waving forest of asparagus, and such a garden well bounded by a fence, the counterpart of the grass plot, that sloped down from the bed of roses bounding my window sill, down, to the current bushes, and their body guard of cucumbers and lengthwise, his nose out my eyes—my I have not seen such roses since, nor inhaled their rich fragrance as I used to do when I sat beneath them in my little window sill. I have dwelt in a great many palaces since then—sometimes where the linden tree of Germany blossomed above my head, sometimes under the shadows of English oaks, sometimes, as now, beneath the lily of Wales; (to like America!) but oh I have always missed the graceful American tree, that rose above the very roof of my first home, and the mountain ash tree—where the bobolink sang and built his nest, and the robin redbreast, and the thrush, and the bluebird, and the jay, and the oriole, and fair in my clear gardens, no wild-wood music was half so sweet, as the rustle of the maples, as they threw their leaves across through my open chamber window, and kept a perpetual dance of sunshine and shade on the floor—I, M. C., 1835." I had been a happy parcel of the playthings of the children of the house; but the whose parents were dead, I was, had grown up and married, and it had come to this "poor old" as best. I used to stand in the old door on sunny afternoons after school, with my books and slowly down the path, the tall, and my sunbonnet dangling on one string from my shoulders, and look at the garden, with the waving "point shop" at the bottom, and the grandmother, in her big apron, and the children between them, and wonder in my childish ignorance if our place on earth were half so dear. Twelve other years have been added to the twelve I counted then, and I am standing with the self-same window sill, whether all the twenty countries I have been, hold one nook of ground to which could compare that of "Cherry Grove" on Mt. Tom—the Quechee—and "Sunnyside."

Memory loves the sunshine looking under the garden chess beside the asparagus bed and the well, where a patriarchal sweep used to gratify with the "cousinsgers" little red calf imaginations, a white spot on its forehead and a star. My hand was severely on a level with the half-door that sectioned these kitchen off, and I used to stand on tip-toe an hour at a time to gaze at them, and the little calf would come to my hand, and the cow would take a bit of bread from my hand, and look in her rough tongue afterwards. It was a proud moment when she would let me put her head to my own shoulder, and though she left her mark, and nearly flayed that social comfort. Somehow, I have never quite lost ing it, till the less vestige were away. The next still to have was toooo—but the second one held "Old Dolly," my grandfather's horse, who was at once the pride and terror of my life. He was a large, raw-boned quadruped, with a jolting gait that kept on, like Mahomet's coffin, between space and motion. I was only high enough to try to ride her. Her will and her temper were like thin and steel; capable of kicks all directions when they were roused, and no one, and very grandfather, could manage or subdue her. Good, easy man—he used to sit bolt upright in his red and blue wagon, with his whip over his shoulder, while Dolly run away—sometimes he would shed to pass her, or wrinkled over heaps of stones by the roadside, or carried up the hills at a small pace, as she pleased. The old man and the old steed had been younger together—I think that was the secret—for he cared for her as if she had been the apple of his eye, and she loved him in spite of all her freaks of humour. The hand of his child with had fondled and fed her—she had been the playmate and pet of his children, and never crushed with them as with others—and the horse him in the sad procession that followed those dear ones to their graves—it was no wonder he was so attached in her. But the red and blue wagon has fallen to pieces now, and is stowed away in the carriage-house, together with an old chaise in which we used to take many a pleasant ride. Dolly's whims and humors are ended, and she has quietly enough, got for from her stable-yard—and as for the white-faced, cheerful old cow, I saw the stalk broken long ago that hid him from our sight, and gave him neck to throw his head and lowed him softer and better than we.

There was a garret, as a matter of course, in the old house, and my lover of "sky-parlors," would have been delighted with her place. There were great chests ranged around the walls, from which, on rainy days, were taken by wicked old ancestors, the queerest sets of teachings, broken heaps, and swords, and guns, which—together—were—with—the saddle long crawling by one stirrup from the very cradle of the house—and which I have often filled the corners, queer garments dangled from pegs on either side, and hats, though not lined, a drum, unlanced and dismally out of tune, stood under the one window, while the two sticks lying on its head. Boards standing on end hid the dark corners under the eves from our prying eyes—but it needed only a stray beam of light through a knothole, or a crack, to send us all scurrying down the stairs in the firm belief that we had seen a ghost, and these shadows were grimly they yawned in the centre of the floor, like a trap, on that a man's shoulders appearing upon them, were almost as sacred and as frightful as the sight of the ghost in the garret.

It was here that we used to practise theatricals—here that I was such praise when, in the character of Lady Macbeth, I "walked" across my floor, trembrdowned in hand, and drove them to the murder of Duncan. Here, too, we were taught to take sanctuary in the square bed-room at the front door. Here, long after I used to dance Money Musk with a small one is my life; and if I live to be a hundred years old, I shall not forget the night we knew the homely speckled sash, with a triangular piece of glass broken out of it.

Getting into my cousin's apartments was to me the height of pleasure, and I was never in a fit mood of enlivenment, and no one in the house had more fun than I had, when I heard—or had my knock at the outer door was answered, the well, dismal key of the Blue-Beard room. I remembered that not in the great carved chair in the corner, but in the one opposite, where the low different it was from the light, matter-of-fact, everyday seat of all the rest. Then, the narrow iron bed in the corner, the cool stone floor, the old fashioned mirror, the high bureau, and the gauzy curtains at the open window—how they glanced and flew, and how the fragrance of the flowers on their stand; the books, first set, and the pictures on the walls, and the cedar press—it was like a page out of some old fairy romance, and I was the little princess that turned towards me was such as you would expect to find in the enchanted chamber. The books and samples lying around—there were cushed Chien memsiroullon on the bureau, and the bed was the wonder of all—it was the cedar press. I stood, during this hal the lovely woman in the picture by the duke of Marlborough, in the park of Blenheim Palace, and I was "Lady Jane Grey" herself, when, for as I leaned against the massy trunk, and thought the lovely woman in the picture by the duke, I perfectly connected with those grounds, a dim recollection of having seen it in a book. I read the scene changed, and I saw no longer the stunning lofty, but I think the triumph with which I veiled my own pages of sorrow and despair. I had read them, and I had—I had grown up between us, and even my father pitied me—and my wife grew disapproved. I was very unhappy.

Then came that day was ill—worse—worse—that he was sick unto death, and his wife was sick unto death, and I was sick unto death, forced to remain during her absence, but I gave him up. I had read him over—he was taken before a justice, and while undergoing an examination her husband, who had been in the room, slipped a packet in my hand. I opened it, and found a letter from my father, in the terrible anguish of those hours of suspense of the years that had intervened since I loved.

My father was better, at last. He would live, he would—could—said, he—but I had come to inquire for the other invalid. In him life, the vital spark, seemed to have fled forever. He refused to listen to the scene of his disappointment, hung his head, and muttered himself. And, while I nursed my father, daily recovering as by a miracle, the other lay locked from me in the arms of the hearty recurrence of the dread and terror for which I had loved me, terror so keen as to cause

No longer had I struggle in the sorrow I had known. I had been tossed on the rough waves of the Destroyer, in his most hideous form, and I welcomed him as an old friend—even as the fortunes of my rescues. I had no thought, even now, that I could ever again be a wife. I was to stand to his door, and listen for the faint sounds of his voice, and to inquire with angry scorn. I moved in a horrible dream. My senses succumbing beneath this fearful pressure. It came at length—delirium, mortal delirium, and unconsciousness.

* * * * * * *

I woke at last. Like one coming to life. I opened my eyes as upon a new world. I saw that I was in a strange room, and that I lay upon thin objects in a lofty room, familiar yet unknown. I turned my glances—they rested upon the sweet, pale face of my step-mother.

"Where am I?" I said, feebly.

"In the garden-room, dear," she answered, coming to my side, with a soft gliding movement, and laying her cool, white hand on my hand. I slept again, and woke as the purple shadows were stealing in, to find myself—I thought, alone. I lay still, enjoying the sensation of rest exceeding life, for a long time, the instant I moved a form crossed my vision, a face—there were standing in, to find myself—in the waning light. I knew the voice that said:

"Is she better, Josephine?" and the soft touch of that hand on my own shook a thrill of new strength into every vein.

* * * * * * *

I suppose I had told all—cleared my bosom of its "perilous stuff" to my long delirium. At any rate, I was never permitted to make any explanations, but was so loved and petted, that thenceforth I became as good as I was happy. We were a ghostly pair of lovers, Guy and I, but my father-and his dear Grace soon warmed us into strength and radiance. Then we had a wedding one still, solemn autumn day, and I have been too entirely happy ever since to give another scheme of revenge. I can never be too grateful to an ever-willing Providence, that the wicked one I have here confessed was not permitted to prosper.

WIT AND WISDOM.

DELIGHTFUL AFFECTATION.—TO BE EXCEEDINGLY FOR THE PURPOSE OF APPEARING SO.—ADDISON.

We can hardly understand what charms there is in the pale and wrinkled countenance of the Poet, to excite and fascinate the soul of a young man. It seems like falling in love with one's grandmother.

In the rushing, noisy crowd, and amid sounds of business, there is a sweet, mysterious sympathy between those of some melancholy cloud of the heart, touched by the world's hand, and those sweetly still.

There is a great deal of absurd reasoning; how logicians will tell you that a dog will not bay unless such a dog can't stand a dog, a dog will only two can have a puppy.

The world goes over on. It is strange how men, when a great man dies, his place is filled; and so completely that he seems no longer wanted.

A KITCHEN, a cellar, a bed, and a bed-room; and by the side of some men, the only apartments they seem to own.

Of all the lights kindled on a Christian's face, they will touch farthest out to sea, where troubled waters roll between the shores.

Men are rolled fools in one age for not knowing what men were born to be wonders in the next, three hundred years after.

If we lack the sagacity to discriminate nicely between our acquaintances and our friends, substitute a dollar for a friend.

If you have a heart of rock, let it be the rock of ages, from the gushes of which stricken by the prophet.

The first institution vouchsafed to our race was the bedside, the next, marriage. So, give your first thought to Heaven, the next to your wife.

Every poet is supposed to have a sweetheart, but, as a general rule, he isn't as often beside her as he is beside himself.

The sword of the spirits, if properly tempered, is the best weapon we are limited to in our fight between your and me.

Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we cannot breathe it when it is either insipidly or tainted.

The ring upon the leaves of the autumn trees is the commencement of the funeral dirge for the leaves of books.

He who can hold up with a pair of broken legs, he can be reconciled to being like himself if he knows how to keep his head.

If a man is contented with what he has done, he will have to do more. The grass is always green over his.

The talent of making friends is not equal to the talent of doing without them.

Trouble is the father of words, but many a child is born that is dumb.

Labor men are less quarrelsome than little men, for the reason of all sense is better.

A public speaker, like a landing-dog, should have cooled himself before he jumps.

Unless you wish to be under a cloud, don't be under the influence.

Tentation says that every sea is full of life. Conscience says that it is full of rocks.

The more ill a man's luck is, he likes less likely to give it.

The conscience of man is God's court-room, and he is the tribunal.

A man may lauer greater peril in crossing the Atlantic Ocean did in crossing the Rubicon.

A YOUNG lady recommends a new fashion, dispossil, might like to weigh a baby every winter night.

A young orthodox spiller, who makes some of his horses uncomfortable, begins to be good purpose.

Many a man's character is like a garden and perfects according to our taste.

A man's property is always preserved when any property passes from his hands to his sons.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A well-dressed woman was detected one day recently in the act of opening a letter in the street car. She thought it one of many beautiful love-sick letters so familiar, and while undergoing an examination her husband, who was in the car, recognized his lady's pocket as an exhibit. The unhappy pair were committed.

A sedate-looking man broke into a grocery store in Chicago one night since, and beg plain, and stole twenty dozen eggs. He was caught, and as being a man of family and parts, said that he intended a new raft of riches, and having read in a newspaper that eggs were cheap, and that hens laid a dozen a day, he thought he would secure a good lot, and "look out for the future."

A man was standing on the corner of Fulton street, New York, on the foot of Broadway street, one day last week, when a gentleman, who was passing a couple of men at a little distance, was run over by a horse and cart. He was not hurt, but was frightened, and the other body footpad.

A boy of only a half years old was run over in Troy drunk street one day recently, by a beer wagon, and the driver very naturally that he died in a few hours. The father of the wagon, after driving over the poor child, stopped his horses, and, seeing the mangled remains, was moved, arrested, and held in trial for manslaughter.

A Mr. Parker and Michael O'Sullivan got into a fight in Cincinnati recently, and while they were at it Mr. Parker drew his revolver and shot Mr. O'Sullivan dead. Mr. Parker was arrested, tried, and acquitted on the ground that he was justified in shooting a man who was fighting him.

A man who was crossing the Battery one evening recently, was shot dead in the face by some unknown person, and injured so badly that the limb had to be amputated.

John Burr, living in Flint street, Williamsburg, was recently drowned in the river at the foot of North Ninth street, in that city. No one could be obtained as to the cause of his being in the river.

A lady residing in Classon Avenue, East Brooklyn, was injured so severely one evening recently by the explosion of a fluid lamp, that her life was despaired of.

John G. Bass has changed his residence from Burlington, Vt., to Albany, N. Y. Success to him.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Sheet and Publisher.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1861.

THE CLUB OF TEN RENEWERS AND UNPARALLELED CLUBBING with OF THE LEDGER.—We pay much money for contributions and subscribers, and we do not see why we should not do so. We give a club for ten subscribers which we have never equaled in quantity, and, as a beginning reward, our contributors at large may also participate in the same liberal terms.

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Remember, that in every instance, the postage of the Ledger is to be paid at the office where it is received.

HOW OLD HICKORY IMPRISONED THE JUDGE.

Soon after General Jackson arrived in New Orleans, in the latter part of the year 1814, he placed that city, and the whole district under martial law. This was considered a necessary measure, as the commercial interests of the city would become seriously affected, if the usual course of business was not suspended. Under the operation of the martial law, declaring that on the British fleet had, and there was no danger from spies, the continuance of the military régime was dowdy right through. Old Hickory could not be induced to these measures, but went on his own wily, with its very name in the mouths of all men. But soon news came, vague and unauthentic, into town had been defeated, and that the remnants of the malcontents became frequent and loud. The French portion of the population were especially clamorous, and finally they began to get quite confidential of the Americans. The French council, hoping thereby to be able to set Old Hickory at defiance, had a meeting in their own. As soon as the old hero learned what they were about, he ordered them into their council to leave New Orleans within three days, and not to come nearer than thirty miles the city until peace should be officially announced. He at the same time took judicious notice of the rumors of peace, and blasting that the British fleet had been defeated, and that the continuance of the military régime was down right tyranny. Old Hickory paid no attention to these murmurs, but went on his own wily, with its very name in the mouths of all men. But soon news came, vague and unauthentic, into town had been defeated, and that the remnants of the malcontents became frequent and loud. The French portion of the population were especially clamorous, and finally they began to get quite confidential of the Americans. The French council, hoping thereby to be able to set Old Hickory at defiance, had a meeting in their own. As soon as the old hero learned what they were about, he ordered them into their council to leave New Orleans within three days, and not to come nearer than thirty miles the city until peace should be officially announced. He at the same time took judicious notice of the rumors of peace, and blasting that the British fleet had been defeated, and that there was no danger from spies,

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. L. E. SIGOURNEY.

From sunless fragrant snow
Mid last flowerets shorn,
Without storm or blast they drift
Our the orchards green.

Rose, the apple-blossoms mourn,
Ridgling pale and wild,
In whose milky pure they plung'd,
With intense delight.

Winged creatures, be content!
Thrifthy yet be wasted!
All the essential they could yield,
In your vases hoard.

We, our riven bats deplore,
Beautiful and brave,
And fade cheerful petals grudge
To the insatiate grave.

Still forgetting they must fall
Ere the fruit be given,
And their new-drops from the eye
Ripen it for heaven.

Hartford, Conn., May 20th, 1865.

MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIII.

PLOTS OF A NIGHT.

When John Gleargyle came down into the dooryard, he found Louis Griswold there, in a state of high excitement.

"By Jabe, I saw you taking a female through the hall."

"Yes."

"Was it not Maggie Burns?"

"It was."

"By the blessed Book, I thought so. Where did you find her?"

"At this cot."

"And what do you mean to do with her?"

"I mean not fully made up my mind yet, Captain. I found her at the cot very unexpectedly, and, remembering what sort of work she had been doing, I thought it best to take her with me."

"But how did you manage to secure the tigress so safe?"

"She was secured before she mistrusted our intent. Had we given her the warning, and allowed her to arm herself, the work might have been more difficult."

"Exactly—I see. But you have her safe now?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lieutenant, emphatically. "She is so safe that she cannot escape." And then speaking, he turned to the door unbolted, and poured out a glass of wine.

"Will you take some, Captain?"

It was not natural for Louis Griswold to refuse such an offer, and he joined his host over the glass. After this they sat down, and pretty soon the captain remarked—

"It is a fair prize you have taken, Sir John."

"What makes you think so?" returned the baronet, looking up from the table.

"Why, she's young and handsome, and rather trim every way."

"O—you are speaking of Maggie Burns."

"To be sure. Whom did you think I meant?"

"I didn't know. I was thinking of something else just then. She is rather pretty, and I don't wonder that Roderic was smitten with her. But I'll take precious good care that he doesn't come under her influence again."

"How? How will you do this?" asked Griswold, sinkingly.

"O, I can do it in many ways."

"Let me tell you of a perfectly sure and simple way, Sir John."

"Tell on."

"Give her to me."

John Gleargyle looked into Griswold's face, and something like a smile lurked about the corners of his mouth.

"You seem to be earnest, Captain."

"Aye, Sir John, I am earnest. There are two very strong reasons why I should like to obtain possession of that girl. First: I like her—I want her for her beauty. The second reason you must clearly divine."

"You allude to the warm reception she gave you a few evenings since?" said the baronet.

"You," answered Griswold, with an oath.

"Well, my dear Captain," continued the host, locking his fingers together, and twirling his thumbs, "I have been thinking that you ought to have the girl. Let's see—to-morrow is Christmas. Would the act make a very acceptable Christmas present?"

"By my life, she would," cried Griswold. "Give her to me, and I'll be your debtor always."

"No, Captain," returned the baronet, in a business-like way. "I would not have it so. I would not have you remain my debtor. You can pay me beforehand."

"Ah—how?"

"You can cross the river into Jersey to-night?"

"If I can find boatmen."

"I know two of the best river boatmen to be found anywhere right here in my house."

"Then I go. Get those men alive above Coryell's Ferry there is a skiff concealed, which I can use at any time in the night. It would be rather dangerous to attempt the passage in the day time, as the rebel pickets extend down that way."

"What I want done," said the baronet, "must be done immediately. You know how quick I am."

"Yes—as Roxbury's companion?"

"Yes."

"Curiosity?"

"Well, I want him taken over and delivered up as a rebel and a spy. He had this crazy woman with him nearly as a blind. I know that Roderic stopped there before he came here, and captured our scout. So you will understand how to put it. Take the negro to the proper officer, and make the case out against him as strong as you can. Will you do it?"

"I can do it, sir."

"Then here it is: Do this, and Maggie Burns shall have yours. She shall be yours to do with her just exactly as you please."

"By the soul of me!" cried Griswold, starting to his feet, "the work shall be done. Give me the boatmen, and give me the negro, and I'll be about it at once."

"You can go and see that the horses are ready, and I will attend to the rest."

With this the host went to look after the two boatmen, while Griswold went out to the stable and aroused the hostler.

When Sir John had found his men, he took them with him to the upper chamber, and thrilling them well in the passage, he unlocked the door, and went in where he had left his prisoners. He found Hendrix asleep, and delighted by the side of her bed. It was very cold and uncomfortable there, but the faithful watch or did not seem to mind that. He looked up when the host entered, and, as if forgetful of the violence which had been done, mildly asked if he could not have a fire.

"I doesn't care for myself, mas't, but poor Hendrix am berry cold. I'm 'fraid dat she's a gwine to be took sick, sir."

"What makes you think so?" asked Sir John.

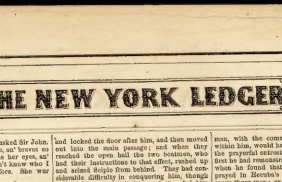
"'Cause she's so dampish like, an' 'cause so hard, an' 'cause, when she opens her eyes, an' looks right into my face, she don't know who I am. I neither send her so afore. She war really afear'd ob me once."

"Well, Scipio, do you come with me, and I guess we can find different quarters for you. Come."

"But mas't—if she should wake up."

"I think there's no danger. At all events this is the only course. Come,—we'll soon have matters differently arranged."

The negro followed him from the apartment without further question. The baronet stopped



A VILLAIN FOILED.

and locked the door after him, and then moved into the main passage; and when they reached the open hall the two boatmen, who had their instructions to that effect, rushed up and seized Scipio from behind. They had considerable difficulty in conquering him, though they finally accomplished it; and then led him down stairs after their employer. As the door they found Griswold ready with the horses, and as soon as he could be found for the unfortunate victim, he was delivered over to the captain.

There is no need of repeating the words which were spoken. Suffice it to say that the scene was a most painful one, and that any man, with the common feelings of humanity within him, would have been moved to tears by the prayerful entreaties of the poor negro. At first he had remonstrated and expostulated: and when he found that that would not avail, he prayed to Heredus's behalf. But he could not prevail in either case, and, with the words of prayer upon his lips, and the tears of agony trickling down his cheeks, he was borne away.

When the party had gone, John Gleargyle went back to the place where he had left Heredus. He found her still asleep, and as quickly as possible he examined the doors to see that no passage could be left open for escape. He had no trouble himself about the windows. He knew that they were not fastened, and that the sashes could be easily raised.

Suppose the woman, in her frenzy, should open one of those windows and leap out?

Ah, he had asked himself that question; and when he had looked down from the glidy height, and calculated the certainty of death to the unfortunate person who should make the mad leap, or fall so, he shook his head and muttered to himself that she should make her escape by that way if she chose.

The door, however, he carefully locked to, and when he had assured himself that they were secure, he returned to his own room, where he took another glass of wine, and then sat down. And what did he mean to do with the unfortunate woman? This was the subject of his thoughts, as he sat there alone. She might jump out at the window; she might die; if she might fall from cold and starvation; or she might be some sturdy disposed of. But he was not yet decided upon that point. He had her within his power, and the negro was out of the way. He would sleep upon it ere he resolved upon the next step. There was no particular need of hurry. A few hours could make no difference.

While these things had been going on Maggie Burns had suffered much uneasiness. She set here on that night, with her head wrapped about her shoulders, and watched the door upon the opposite side of the room. Of what was to come she had no clue to be doubt. The only question was, when would it come. She knew that Louis Griswold in the house; and she knew that she was to be delivered into his charge. But when—when—she knew it! He would seek to entice her—she knew that, too—by words; but, then sober, beyond the mere question of time, it was only a question of time when she should become the victim of his wicked designs. Escape from her room was not to be thought of,—at least, not a chance of escape.

An hour passed away, and still Maggie sat there in her chair, shivering, but not removed to the bed. It was very cold; but the cold she suffered was as nothing compared to the fear which led to fear if she fell a victim to Griswold's wicked power. Another hour passed, and another; and she began to drowse. The intense cold had at last overcome her, and it seemed a cult for her to keep her eyes open. Finally, when she thought it must be near morning, she concluded that she would barricade her door, and venture to creep into the bed. She could so fix it that no one could enter without disturbing her. In short, she made preparations for the kind; and she was just preparing to set about the work, when she heard footsteps approaching. As quickly as possible she retreated to the corner near the bed, and made sure that her pistols were ready for use. Presently some one stopped at her door, and in a moment more the bolt was drawn. She did not answer it; and very soon the rap was repeated.

Should she answer this? Might it not be well to let the applicant know that she was awake?

She moved a few steps towards the door, and asked who was there.

"It's me," replied a voice.

It was not Griswold's voice.

"Who is it?"

"It's me—Cato."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes—all alone. Don't make no noise."

That was a strange request to make, and Maggie, with a thrill of hope Maggie listened to the door, and told him to open it.

"Can you not find a key, Cato? Look for one."

"I will, Miss Maggie."

The negro went away, but his mission was a fruitless one.

"De dirt only one key to dis door," he said, when he came back, "an' dat's in massa's pocket."

But could he not open the door in some way? Could he not force it?

"No, Miss Maggie,—'taint ob no use to try dat. De door am berry stout an' thick; an' a sarcasm' ob it down would scare de whole house. Can ye hear what I say?"

"Yes—very well. My ear is at the key-hole."

"Well—I'm sorry; but it can't be helped. I send 'em when dey fetched yo up here, an' I've been a-settin' up all dis time hopin' dat I might get somefin for yo, if yo wanted it."

"You come to set me free?"

No—he had not come with that intention. The honest fellow had only thought of showing his friendship by offering some articles of comfort which she might need, and which he could procure. He had thought that she might be hungry, and he could bring her food; or she might need some wine, which he could easily get up.

"Listen to me, Cato. You are very kind; and I thank you for these things just as though you had brought them all to me; but I do not need them. I need your liberty. My liberty now is more to be desired than life. Is not Louis Griswold in the house?"

"No, missis,—he's gone away wid Scipio."

"With Scipio! Which way where have they taken him?"

"I'm sure I don't know. But he's been took away, an' Cap'n Griswold's gone off wid him. I s'pose dere somefin gwine to be did; but I can't make out what."

"And good Heredus,—where is she?"

"Somewhere away upstairs, missis; an' I reckon she's locked up same as you is."

"Hold your ear down, Cato."

"I can hear ye, Miss Maggie."

"If I stay here my life will be worse than death."

"O, don't say dat."

"It will. But you can help me. Perhaps you can save me."

"How? Tell me how."

"Will you listen to me?"

"Yes."

"And will you not save me if you can?"

"Surtin true, I will."

"Then you must hasten away to Newtown, and find Roderic Gleargyle. O, Cato, if you will but do this, you may go to Heaven thing."

The negro did not make an immediate reply to this. It was more than he had anticipated.

"Brass De Lord, Miss Maggie, de poor chile is out ob her mind. I'm sorry to be did; but I'se massa's closest kotch me up to stick business spite. I'se mighty sorry, Miss Maggie, but I'se got to stick to my business."

"But, Cato, there is no need of his catching you. You can escape without danger."

"Ah—but when I come back?"

"Come with Roderic, and he will protect you. Or, you need not come back at all. Roderic will find a home for you. Newport—and I'll give you my solemn assurance that you shall be provided for. O, Cato, you know that you can trust me. Only—if you have mercy upon unfortunate—go to Newtown, and find Roderic Gleargyle."

The maiden's tones were so touching, and her appeals so full of prayer so deep, that the kind-hearted fellow could not withstand their influence.

"Lord knows I ought to go," he said, meditatively.

"And does not your own heart tell you that you ought to go?"

"Brass yer dear, sweet voice, it does. Miss Maggie, I didn't Cato ob it; but I know I'm all right now. Hold on. Don't say my name. Let de chile speakin—me silent—I hab it—I'll go. Don't worry,—Miss Maggie, *De Cato'll go!*"

"Bless you,—bless you!"

"De Cato 'll go! But don't you say nuffin, for berry ob'ous quick as I can, an' I'll find Massa Roderic or he's anywhere about. Good bye,—keep yer heart up good and strong."

Maggie listened with her ear to the door, until Cato's careful tread ceased to send back a sound, and then she crept upon the bed and sank down. She prayed—prayed that her messenger might prosper; prayed with her knees bent, and her clasped hands raised toward heaven. And then followed many seasons of rest. Anon the sense of weariness returned, and she knew that she must be on the spirit of her prayer: but that hope was trembling in the balance with a deep weight. The morning came—it was Christmas; and on Christmas every man of the Patriot army was to be ready, and ready to fight. Cato would warning; for so Roderic had told her when last she saw him. Would he be in time to come? Would Cato find him? Would the sentinels admit the strange negro into the camp?

And thus painfully pondering, between hope and fear, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN HOUR OF TRIAL!

The morning of Christmas dawned with clouds and wind. John Gleargyle arose and dressed himself; and having taken a cup of coffee, and eaten a bit of toast, he went up to see how it was with Heredus. When he reached her own door, he stopped and listened. He fancied that he heard a low moaning; but he was not sure that it was the voice of his prisoner. It might be the wailing of the wind. When he went in, which he did very softly, he found the woman upon the bed, with her head supported by her hands, and her hair torn and dishevelled. As he approached her, she caught the sound of his footfall and looked up. Her expression was wild and staring, and her face wore a hot, scarlet flush.

"Where is my darling?" she asked. Her voice was hoarse and painful, as though her organs of speech were tried with much exertion.

"Who is Louis?" returned the baronet. He had moved nearer to the bed, and seemed to regard the unfortunate creature as though he fancied that her powers were well nigh gone.

"Chains in my Charley—my hithful guide and bosoman. Where is he?" She raised herself up, and looked upon the man who stood beside her. A moment she gazed, and then a change came over her—a change so sudden and so fearful, that Sir John startled back to affright. Her eyes were as on fire; her cheeks grew pale, and then flushed more deeply than before; her teeth were fearfully set; the gray hairs seemed to rise, and her quivering fingers were clutched in the wild manner of her hair. She leaped from the bed, and stood before the startled man like an infuriate Fiddess. Presently she began to rave, and to tear her hair; and fearing for his personal safety, John Gleargyle retreated from the room. But he did not remain there. He went out, and locked the door after him, and then walked to listen awhile. He heard the poor creature scribe and cry out, he heard her tear the furniture to pieces, he heard her laugh and grind; and finally he heard her fall heavily upon the floor.

"She cannot stand this much longer," he said to himself. "If I could, I would go to her; but her so help, she must soon wear herself out!"

He walked on, muttering as he went, until he reached his own room. Should he send Scipio to her? Should he send for the help of any kind?

Not yet. If left to herself awhile longer, she might make her escape through one of the windows.

He had just made up his mind to leave the unfortunate one as she was until night, when Cato, Griswold made his appearance.

"Well, speak!"

"Yes, Sir John; back safe and sound; but I've had a hard jaunt of it."

"Where is Roderic?"

"He is all right and snug. I carried him into Jersey, and delivered him to the picket officer, who will see him he is cared for. He won't escape, so make yourself easy on that score. But say, Sir John, has the fellow really been acting 'cute?"

"Of course he has. It must be so."

"Because I thought he thought he brought his host might have some other motive; and directly I wanted to understand the meaning of his look; for he quickly added, with an expression of cold smile to his words—

"You sought to question me once before on this subject, Sir John. You won't repeat it, I hope."

"I assure me, Sir John. I meant no offence."

"Then leave me to take care of my own affairs; and do you do the same." The baronet looked at him somewhat sternly. He passed a moment, and then continued, in a conciliatory tone, and with the humor related to a smile—

"You have an affair on your hands, I think." "Yes, Sir John," returned the captain, his eyes snapping as he spoke.

"Then why not attend to it?"

"You mean my affair with Maggie Burns?"

"Exactly."

Griswold walked across the room, and slowly returned.

"Sir John," he said, "I am ready and anxious; but I am not quite sure of my game yet."

"Ah—I thought you could conquer the maiden. Do you need help?"

"Not much. But I can conquer her; but when shall I do with her after that? Shall I keep her here, or must I carry her away? That is the question."

"I decisive," replied the baronet, drumming upon the table with his fingers, "I had not thought of that. I had the girl, and you would not have my house put to disgrace. You can carry her away, of——"

"Or what?" asked Griswold, seeing himself upon the opposite side of the table.

"Or," continued the host, thoughtfully, "you can marry her. I am willing you should do that."

"How do you mean, Sir John?"

"Why—I mean thus: I am a justice, and am willing to make the bond. If you will submit to this, you shall have your wife here in Walnut Hill. You understand what I mean?"

"Yes—decidedly; and I like the idea. I'll go and bring the damsel down at once.

"Very well. Here is the key to her room. You know where it is."

Maggie Burns rose with the breaking of day; but finding the room cold and uncomfortable, she crawled back into bed again, where she lay two hours longer. She thought that sometime one might come up with food, or with fire, and she would gain her harmless from her door. Even if Louis Griswold should be the first to come, she knew that better to be with him than be broken in; or the feeble opposition of the harridans would amount to nothing. With this idea she drew back the obstructions, and then went to the window and looked out.

This was Christmas morning! And where was she? And where was her mother? She knew that beneath the bumble roof of Moses Allen provisions had been made for keeping this day with solemn festivity; and now, to this hour, what were the feelings beneath that roof? How much of joy could there be—how much of thought for the holy day? And the weather without was not calculated to inspire her feelings with relief. The sky was hung with leaden clouds; the wind howled mournfully through the bodiless branches of the great trees; and a storm seemed riding in the air. She stood then gazing out upon the scene of desolation, with an answering sense of desolation upon her breast, when she heard some one at her door. First there came a rap; and then she heard a key move in the lock. She stepped back towards the bed, and at the moment next Louis Griswold was in the room.

For some few seconds the maiden was oppressed with a sense of weakness. Her heart beat so rapidly, and her breath came and went so quickly, that she had to exert herself to command her faculties. But she was not long in summoning her powers to her aid. The need was great, and, fortunately, her soul was equal to the emergency. And then, when she looked upon the man who had thus intruded upon her, and the remembrance of his character came to her mind, her resolution arose to the highest point. She stood like him—she despised him—and she looked down upon him with scorn.

When Louis had first entered the room, and saw the maiden shrink back, with the quivering look, he had decided that the conquest would be easy; but when the light came to her eye, and her lips were compressed, an infinite change entered his mind.

"Maggie," he said, after gazing upon her a few moments, "I don't know exactly how you may feel to-day; but know I am, and have been."

She did not reply to him; and after a little pause, he continued—

"I don't know as you will know, first or last, that I press my suit now with authority; and you will not know if you believe me."

"With what authority?" asked Maggie.

"With the authority of love," he replied.

"And may I ask, whence you derive your power?"

"From possession, my sweet one. Do you understand that?"

"I understand only this," replied the girl: "I am here against my will, and much violence was used in bringing me hither. I am well assured that he, partly because I was deceived, and partly because resistance might have made it worse for me——"

"And let me tell you," interrupted Griswold, "that resistance will make it worse for you still."

"Such—don't be afraid that he myself, Maggie."

"Such,—don't be a fool, my pretty one. You can't escape by your own address. You have held a pretty fair role thus far; and we fused to have matters driven home enough. And now just lead me your ear a moment: I told you that I had the authority and the power. I have not told you that I meant to possess you; to make you mine. This is plain. I propose to love you for my own, Miss Maggie; and I have the power to enforce my demand. Resistance will be in only a question of time. And the time is now fixed upon. It is to be this very day. Now you know what I mean."

"I am not frightened, sir."

"I thought you seemed so."

"If I did, it was not with fear."

"Then you have unbounded courage for fear. I have made up my mind to treat you most honorably, and to make you my wife. Maggie, will you be my wife?"

"Will you listen to me?"

"Yes."

"And will you not save me if you can?"

"Surtin true, I will."

"Then you must hasten away to Newtown, and find Roderic Gleargyle. O, Cato, if you will but do this, you may go to Heaven thing."

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that his life was in danger. At a glance he comprehended the position of affairs. He saw the empty pistol upon the floor, and he knew that the one the girl now held in her hand must be loaded. And, furthermore, the aim was this time sure. He looked into the burning eye that was fixed upon him over the deadly weapon, and he could see that its fire was the offering of a resolute soul.

"Would you murder me?" he asked, moving back a pace.

"No, sir," she replied. "It is not in my heart to do a murder; but I will protect my own life and honor, even though the blood of ten thousand such as you flows in streams to make it sacred. I know that I have the power now, and you shall submit. Do you hear me?"

Louis Griswold shrank back, foiled and chagrined. Aye, and more, he began to feel ashamed. In his shoulder, and as he reached his hand up to the wound he found that the blood was flowing. He turned upon the maiden one look of fiendish wrath, and then clutched his hands as the curse fell from his lips.

"I will be even with you yet, my dear, for this moment—I will have you at my feet ere this day's sun reaches its meridian! I swear it—and I will keep my oath!"

And with this Louis Griswold left the room, locking the door after him as he went away.

When Maggie knew that the wretch was good, and that she was alone, she lowered the gun, and sank back upon the bed. She was not faint, nor had her fortitude forsaken her; but she was weak, and her hand quivered nervously as she suffered the weapon to fall from her grasp. Where was this to end? When should come next? Would her summer succor? Could Roderic come to her rescue, even supposing that John Gould him? Or, how much Maggie Burnett had to pray for in that hour!

CHAPTER XV.

HOME!

When Louis Griswold reached the drawing-room, he was about as wretched as man could be. He was mad, and he was mortified—that was to pain. He found the hotcoat where he had left him, rigged in the garments of a lady, out of some old newspapers which Doctor Andrew had left.

"Ah, my Captain, how fares it?"

"Give me some brandy, and be quick!"

"What! How is this? Want is the matter with your shoulder?"

"Wait till I get some brandy, and then I'll tell you."

"But you bleed!"

"Curse mind the bleeding. The bonds comes first. By the Holy Book, my bonnet, there'll be more blood shed ere I'm done with this shock. Ah—this is the water of life."

Griswold poured out a brimming glass of the liquor, and having drank it off, he uprooted the table where he had been sitting.

"Now," he said, "let us look to my wound. Will you help me, Sir John?"

"Certainly. But you have not told me you how it came."

"I'll tell you as we remove the clothing. Ah-h! be carry—it's tender there. The hurt may be a bad one. Can you see?"

"I only see that some of the shreds of the cloth are driven into the wound. It is not the bad's deep one. Is this some of Miss Maggie's work?"

"Yes," replied Griswold, with an oath. "She had a pair of loaded pistols. When she shot me the first one, I sprang upon her, and got this charge in my shoulder, and a thunderclap in my ear. Of course I fell back. Then she drew the second, and with that she laid me at her. By the saints of doom, she's a tigress—she's a perfect wildcat!"

By this time the coat had been removed, the waistcoat taken off, and the shirt torn back. It was not a bad wound. The ball had simply broken the skin, ripping some of the fleshy blood-vessels near the surface, the pain principally caused by the unburned powder which had been driven into the flesh.

"I am lucky enough for this," said the baronet, after he had examined the wound, "and you will sit still a few moments, I'll cleanse it and dress it, and no one shall be the wiser."

The blood had already ceased to flow, and after a bit of washing, and the application of some lint, Sir John put on a bandage, and then the captain resumed his clothing. Another glass of brandy, and he was ready for consultation.

"Sir John, what do you think of it?"

The host answered the question with an oath. He was mad and indignant. In fact, he felt almost as deeply as did his guest, and he related his feelings to sway him.

"Sir John, I'll be said," said, "we'll conquer this girl if we have to kill her! I'll not be conquered by such a thing. I'll not have that she should be your wife, and your wife she shall be. If that sneaky nephew of mine—that blot upon my family name—had come upon the scene—that rank, murderous rebel against his king—if he had in with this wench again, he shall find her only to know that she is not worth the having. As I live, I believe that she has had the baleful influence over him. I believe his head was turned by her wiles, and that by her act his soul was set against his king. So, my Captain, you shall marry her, I tell you so. It shall be this very day. Aye, and by the heavens above me, it shall be within this very hour! How will that suit you?"

"To perfection," replied Griswold, rubbing his hands with intense satisfaction. "That will like with as grounds."

"Then I will go and see her."

"Be careful, Sir John. I tell you she is a wild-cat.

"I understand," returned the baronet, with a nod of his head. "I intend to slip her claws the first thing. I have made up my mind what to do; and I shall do it. You may remain here until I send for you."

With this John Glengyle left the room, and when he reached the hall, he spent some little time in meditation. It was a curious work for his such hands as his, but his soul was not above it. The possession of wealth had given him a place in society to which he could never have attained by any decency of his own character or mental powers. At heart he was base and cowardly; and under the influence of revenge he could do things that might have shocked even those who has ended his days upon a gibbet. He was doing a thing now that only the basest and most degraded soul could do. He was planning a work of fiendish malignity that might have won a necromancer from the worst spirits of Tartarus. And yet he had no thought of shrinking from it. No—he was resolved upon it with all the might of decision. Out of revenge upon Roderic he had set his soul, and out of love for self he herself he would do it.

Ah, it was a fair thing for John Glengyle to set his villain. There were records of the past which, for his very life, he would not have had revealed.

After a time he went out and called his groom and coachman. They were the two of his servants who had accompanied him to the widow's cot, and were, furthermore, fit for any work he set for them to do. And to-day he had a prisoner was a little more money, and a little more rum. With them he went up to Maggie's chamber.

"You will stay here," he commanded them, "until you hear me call. Then you will rush in and aid in what I shall do. The girl is armed now, and I shall get it away from her before I call you to."

The men promised that they would be punctual, and then their master went to the door, and unlocked it. When he entered the room he found the maiden standing by the window as she had a pistol in her hand. His first impulse was one of admiration—admiration for such a brave his purpose, to be curbed his passion, and his resolution to subdue.

"Maggie Burnet," he said, stopping in the middle of the room, "what is the meaning of this you are doing?"

"I am protecting myself, sir," she replied, promptly. "I am seeking, in my own force, that protection which the house of John Glengyle cannot give to me."

"Then you fear me, girl?"

"But not you a shot!" she added, growing stronger as she spoke. She had been weak when the baronet entered, but she was now armed with a trembling grasp; but she was encouraged, and knew that she was resolute.

Sir John felt another impulse to burst with passion, but he restrained himself.

"You are a curious girl," he said, with a curl of the lip; "but I suppose that I am the cause. My cause was a good one. As it is, you are simply making yourself ridiculous. Do you realize what you have done?"

"I have done nothing wrong, sir."

"And do you call it nothing wrong to murder my nephew and kinsman?"

"I own no king. Let those who choose to have no shield to their lives. I am not one of them."

"You are a true type of the Rebel, Maggie Burnet."

"If to assert the right of a people to self-government is rebellion, then I am not a Rebel, sir."

"But, my fair lady," said the baronet, with a tinge of sarcasm in the address, but with something of augmentousness as he proceeded, "you are guilty of the crime of setting up your own government, and seeking to overthrow the duly constituted power."

"And who constituted these powers, sir?" returned the maiden, warmly. "Not the free declaration of the people, and who is he? What sympathy has he with the people's rights? His mission is to rule and oppress. The heel of the foreign usurper is on your own native heath. Do you call it rebellion? Call it so if you will. It is the defending of our own freedom—a necessary fire to rebellion, then make the most of it. Who sent you here? Who sent Louis Griswold upon his errand? Who sent the torch upon the gallows? Who sent you here? Do you remember Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill? Who is it that is now in arms against an army upon our Federal Capital? Who is it that is now in arms against an army upon our Federal Capital? Who is it that is now in arms against an army upon our native soil? Who is it that is now in arms against an army upon our native soil? Who is it that is now in arms against an army upon our native soil

AN IDYL OF THE DAY.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE

Once the story of our rose
From the far West and East
Came in a multitude to pose
A royal marriage-feast.

All of the beautiful and free,
The exile and the priest,
Thronged with their gracious company
Columbia's Mount of State.

Along the broad amoreaux rooms
The silken banners stirred,
And waved beneath the dusky plumes
Of Freedom's matchless bird.

And fruits and flowers of every land
The avant nun soften spun,
By blushing Flora's generous hand
Were prodigally strewn.

High in the golden tiers'd bowls
Lone bells that to and fro
By the strong arm of Triumph swung,
Pealed solemnly and slow;

And lesser bells of silver chime
Rang merrily—and then
Soft wedding tones kept endless time
To a majestic hymn.

Whose burden the distilled nation took
That grand responsive hum,
And with the mighty chorus shook
The crimson and the gold!

All conquests of the human race
Smiled these victorious statues—
Freedom, with stern uplifted face,
Breaking a Tyrant's chains;

Strong knowledge reigning the rich spoils
Of science, art, and truth,
Embrace-ment's white lustre lull
In the world's ragged youth.

Here Peace, with mild encounter hand,
Touched a fair woman's face,
And there, along the frieze'd band
Thundered a locomotive race!

And when the wild melodious ear
Of the great hymn was lost,
Came thro' each minster oaken door
A trumpet's thrilling blast!

And the grave chaplains, two and two,
Stood in the midst and offered—
Being forth the royal learns and true,
The bride-groom and the bride!

To "Hail Columbia's" stirring strains
They led them proudly forth—
Lord of a thousand hills and plains
The fair-haired North!

With all the roses of the year
Dying her cheeks and mouth,
Smiling, the lovely Bride walked near,
The dark-eyed, queenly South!

Sublime, the meeting kiss of Truth,
Shone at the Bride-groom's side,
And Liberty, strike with youth,
Was Bride-maid to the Bride.

Crowned with her native orange wreath
The sweet South blushing stood,
With coffee monarch's peerless beauties
Exhibiting her rich blood—

And where against the North's great shield
An hundred was laid down,
Upon its mighty arms field
The star of Beauty shone!

She with her perfumed sighs, that crossed
His lips, by winter seared,
Melted the white grace of the frost
That glittered in his beard!

And as upon his breast she hung
While he her red lips kissed—
Around her loveliness he flung
His wild New Hampshire mist!

Eclipsed in this pure bridal veil,
All glory's other day,
While the vast company stirred "All Hail!"
Were made one flesh for aye.

And they were wed. Around them sprang
A noble race, and bold—
Daughters, the fairest ever sang,
And sons of perfectly mould!

Above their mighty House of State
The great bells rocked and rang,
And "Yankee Doodle," early and late,
Young hallejubilators sang!

For up in Freedom's morning light
The weathed eagle flew,
Bearing the glory of the white,
The crimson and the blue!

* * *

What wail in this that shakes the land,
Blanketing the face of day?
From Mississippi's gulf-sea strand
To Newgansett Bay?

From Florida's dim everglades
To Kansas' swelling plains
From Texas' sunny mountain shades
To Vermont's mountain-chains?

Camerdown with drooping crest
Sits weeping by the main;
And Pennsylvania's true breast
Heaves with a mighty pain!

On every fruitful slope and plain
Along her lovely coast,
Proud Maryland mourns with bitter pain
Her drains of glory lost!

For broken on the golden statues
That topped our Country's station,
From Carolina's stately pistles
To Maine's primeval pines.

The serpent of Dissension rears
His deadly crest of flame
Where, leaving on their broken spears,
Fame, Valor, Peace,

Mourn at the altar where their vows
We've enriched, when they stood
With Victory's palm-wreath on their brows
Reddened in kindred blood!

And must it be the awful fate
Of Our Columbia's race
To stamp the lands of War and Hate
Across each Nation's face?

To mourn the broken household gods
Of Truth and Liberty,
Where the great West's untrained steeds
Dash downward in the sea?

Must North and South in bitter scorn
Fling off the golden tie
That bound them on their marriage-morn
In holy Unity?

And oh! must the young orphan-States
Cry terribly to God
To overwhelm us the ruthless hates
That wrack a brother's blood?

The same great eye looks proudly down
That smiled upon their birth,
And lies of State have mightier grown
Than everlasting truth?

And the old law made eternally pitiless
Sprung of Mosaic curse?—
When God hath joined together, let
No man asunder put!

From burning depths of upraged seas,
Thro' trembling lips upon,
This cry rolls up against the spheres
From many a woman's home—

Oh Thou that holdest in Thy hand
The sequels of all Time,
Save, save the future of this land
This protest's every crime!

Let the wild memory of her shame
Lie with Secession years,
And the red blot from her fair name
Wash Thou with woman's tears!

God! Though our mother-agony
Thou hast in thy clamgiven fork
The questions of the true and free
Altho of South and North!

Thou, for our sad and silent dust have given
Such honors to the just,
Speak Thou for us with power from out of Heaven
And say this disaster-blast!

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

CHAPTER XXV.
CONSEQUENCES.

Time passed on, without, as much to mark one day from another, as they went by.

Nelly still continued to lead a weary living for herself and child, at the ill-paid but not over-laborious work she had engaged in, and to which she was more reconciled, from the fact that it left her at liberty to be the companion and instructress of her child, so far as her own capacity went.

Little Ida was, if not a remarkably apt, at least a prepossessing child, and the more conscientiously grew her mind to the learning to read, that she knew Tom had a hand in the making of the books; indeed, she ascribed to him a share in every printed page which met her eye.

Their friendship had continued to thrive; and with new inducements Tom became more inclined to encourage the being on occasion a visitor. Now it was a curtain he could put up better than Nelly's, he was sure; now he had discovered a lock to be repaired; now he had a patent medicine for curing the ailments of a sick dog, or he had found a bit of board that would make a first-class shelf in the larger room, for all was the enemy. He had brought the most choice scrapings of the little colony for Growth street, in a cage of his own construction; it was indeed a very superior affair little Ida knew, when she saw the pretty creature domiciled over her own little corner of the window, and learnt that it was to be her property henceforth.

Not a day could pass that Tom must inform himself on the state of the canary's health; there was need to bring it a fresh supply of seed, which Tom, artful lad, had stipulated he should be permitted to do.

Nelly was nothing loth, when she had once informed herself of the creature's necessities, and felt herself to be but a poor companion for the little one, unconscious of anything in the outside her evermore from those of her own age. Since the visit of the chimnest to her ring—who had never, of course, made his appearance again—her spirits had sunk lower, and her health grew more enfeebled; she was not actually ailing, mind up, and beguile her weariness with visions of a future much delightfully more than her fortune or unexpected chances; but soon the recollection of her fortune-telling, and consequently of Tom's code's fate, the helplessness of her deformed child, and, more than all, the memory of the one final error in the past, would again cast a gloomy shade upon the path she had to tread.

But poor Agnes herself needed consolation. Her father had been gradually sinking into utter imbecility; it was impossible to speak to him for a minute, and his claims upon her time did not permit her to devote herself to her ward, so it was necessary she should—for them to try it.

There were many days of tedious, dull, and to some ill-disposed person who had prejudiced her old banking against her found an opportunity to spread whispers to her disadvantage, which touched high places where she had employment, and Agnes soon felt the consequence in the whispered excuse of many acquaintances of her fellow-workers; girls who, perhaps, had all been favored, hitherto, with the most scrupulous and smooth-enduring and resentful Agnes.

But she bore all bravely, making it a part of the punishment due to her error, and tried the more to occupy herself with her duties; and, if possible, to subtly his fretful requests and unconstructive requirements; for she saw, when in health, had been always selfish, was, in declining and suffering, almost unendurable.

Still, as I have said, the girl bore up, worked when to sleep, and denied herself almost necessaries to give the invalid the luxuries he craved, who had ever a word of comfort for her desponding neighbor, whether she sympathized with her affliction, for a minute or two; or Nelly would step on her way, in a manner, to assist she or her with or perform some domestic duty for her friend.

But for some days past Agnes had been under the saddest of the two. Some terrible grief seemed struggling within, her eyes were heavy with weeping, her classic flushed as with fever-ish thought, and, at times, wild ejaculations broke from her that showed a mind strongly disturbed and ill at ease.

Noticing these symptoms, and attributing them to some dark offending against God, we were too apt to distress herself. Nelly had for-borne to question her friend with the usual sincere of the old ones calling upon her to clear the ring, and for some days past had been very sparing of such other.

Mrs. Grigsby had, by some means, discovered the object of Tom's frequent absences, and protested against it with her usual show of vehemence.

She went so far as to invite Mr. Thatcher to call down on him, when they openly treated of Tom's prospects in the presence of that young gentleman, who had the mortification to hear made a deep impression upon the mind of the placid widow, as to his ultimately becoming a fit friend, in confidence, his conviction that that boy of Grigsby's would be "a man too many for some of 'em, one of these days."

The latter, too, were words which a nuisance that they were consigned to the back kitchen, but on Tom descending that day to receive his man lodger down stairs had presumed to find his calling in a business, he protested, altogether is so vehemently, declaring his determination to take a left arm off Tom, and keep his fist from there, if he "might's have ben by peace and quietness in the old place," that the cage was restored to its station with the greatest speed.

Tom should resume with more regularity that half hour in the evening which he had been accustomed to devote to errand-fetching or posting letters for his lodgers.

So peace, or, at least, an amnesty was purchased.

"I don't know what she should be so set again me, good as she is, for I'm sure I never did. "There can't be no harm in them; Mrs. Rankin is just a good woman as ever lived, and this thing—why, if mother would but take to her she might come to our place, if her mother could be brought to let her, and she'd be as handy—oh, a deal more than many wives her size; but I don't know how it is, whatever I do never is right with mother, unless it's work, work, and tear and rush from morning till night. I've been at it hard enough, goodness knows, these three days, but, please for pigs, I'll get down there to-night, and what a treat I'll have for Ida, too—won't she jump and laugh!—I do like to see her laugh."

Tom was running from one of his journeys with proof of which he had spoken to his little companion. Peculiar to these errands was a sort of treat he enjoyed with a jolting mountebanks whistle accompaniment, and between the pauses given to such solo-spoken meditations as the present, often a curious jumble of the subjects that were just then the burden of his mind.

He was contemplating a slight increase of the very limited pay he received at the printing office, and which he hoped to earn out of Hooper time to relinquish all claim upon, as a fund for his own private use.

Doubtless his small companion and favorite had a share in the brilliant schemes of which the prospective augmentation of means was the nucleus. But Tom had no such vivid imagination that the mere exercise of it should bring the object of his thoughts into sight, much less hanging, all in a row with a view, most of dismay, that he heard the voice of the child close behind him cry out in tones of distress—

"Oh! there's Tom! there's dear, good Tom! please tell him, please let me—Tom! Tom!"

He turned sharply round, and, emerging from a street he had just crossed, beheld Ida in the arms of a policeman, who was bearing her along, deaf to her turn, and unmoved by her pale face and trembling limbs, which, after a few steps on her new sturdy relief tricks of trade. They were followed by a party, bilious-looking man, whom Tom recognized in a moment as a baker in the neighborhood, noted for his hard-heartedness, and ready wrath to all the youth of the locality.

The little fellow pushed back from her head, her flaxen hair all awry, one hand stretched out to her protector, the other to her friend ally, Tom, who, eyes streaming with tears through the delirium of rage and terror, was following in the policeman's coattails behind the picture of despair.

With one bound Tom was by her side, his heart in his mouth, figuratively so to speak, to the great amusement of the crowd, for the articulation of the few words he managed to get out was quite choked in their throat before one of his own, and panting his son around the policeman's arm, he released the child, for the moment arrested their progress.

"What's this—where—what's it for?"

"Let go the child!" was spoken functionary, with a look that was meant to be a forbidden-ness to any one to dare to do so, "I've got to know nothing, do you?—oh, no, no! Now you young—you've got to take yourself to task for this left he—what's it for?" in another quarter."

"It's for me, sir," said the baker, who had remarkably good authority for what he said; "I have had my property destroyed, and—and—Mrs. Mrs. Grejona."

"Grigsby—oh or no, it aint for him to interfere with the course of justice," retorted its representative. "Now, young—you've got to—"

"Do be hanged!" Tom burst out, impatience to get to Ida overcoming all fear. "What's the—"

The policeman made no reply, save by fling-ing Tom off with a force against

TRESSY.

BY ALICE CARY.

I found my Tressy milking
Her cow in the pasture-gate,
Where the late snow sat in the corner,
And the hazel on the crest,
Swarter than any red rose
In her cheek, reigning Tressy;
The yellow hair about her eyes,
And her face first in its flowers!

O day of days! thy memory
Will never fade nor pass!
Perhaps of many a weary year
Were shedding all the great—
The jealous knock by fretting
Between his locks of snow,
And shrugged his slipshod shoulders
As I lightly leapt across!

Ahlover her cheek the blushes
Rise rippling like a veil
Into the leaves, warm and white
As fly still within her pail;
As I laid my love to Tressy
In the blossom-summer morn,
When the few was on the flower,
And the insect on the corn.

HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.

BY RICHARD DUNSTT.

Next to the elephant, in point of size, weight and strength, is the rhinoceros. His average height is from six to seven feet, and his length from nine to thirteen, and the circumference of his body is sometimes equal to his length. His skin is so thick and tough that no ordinary bullet will seldom penetrate it, and accordingly the hunter of the animal is obliged to aim at those parts where the skin is thinner. This skin or hide, in some varieties of the brute, has the appearance of being intended for a much larger animal, and hangs loosely about the neck and other parts in large plaits or folds. His upper lip is flexible and of his command, and on his nose is a hard, stout horn, generally from eighteen inches to three feet long. This horn he uses in plowing up the earth and in attacking his enemies. His eyes are small and keen, and have rather a straightforward than an oblique vision, so that from the forward, when about to receive an assault of his foe, the hunter can generally see very near him before he receives the shock. Like all other wild animals, he has an insatiable fear of man, and, unless wounded and has rendered furious and reckless, he will generally run from a hunter, and with such speed that only a very fleet horse can overtake him.

The rhinoceros is a native of most of the hot countries and islands of Southern Asia and Southern Africa. He is not of a social disposition, and is generally found alone, but occasionally with single companion, and sometimes, though rarely, with from six to twelve. His sleep is taken in the daytime, in the cool and shady spot of the great forest or jungle, and at night he is abroad in all his activity, in search of food and water. He generally visits his water-haunts from about twelve o'clock at night, and from then till daylight he rambles about over a great extent of country, feeding upon the grass and shrubs, sugar-cane and wild-nut thrive, but never devouring flesh of any kind. Like the hog, he is very fond of wallowing in mud and water, and his thick, rough skin generally shows an increased evidence of a late indulgence in his favorite pastime.

Africa produces two species of the rhinoceros—the black and white—and four varieties. These latter are respectively called the two-horned and two-horned black rhinoceros, and the common and long-horned white rhinoceros. The description has been mainly of the black species—the white being larger, less powerful, and more shy, with a thinner and smoother skin—though all the varieties have so much in common as to render further particularity unnecessary.

The eastern ground-hog lives at peace with all surrounding animals, whether large or small, he being no cause or desire to molest any, but his great size, strength and activity rendering him not formidable as antagonist for even the most bulbient and fiercest to venture an attack. The vigor often walks quietly by his side, the lion does not disputs his right of way, and the elephant is fain to give him room enough.

But what is really very curious, this huge animal is almost constantly attended, night and day, in dense especially, by a number of small grayish birds, which take up their abode on his body and feed upon the ticks and insects which continually gather upon his rough hide. They are called rhinoceros birds, and are about the body-guard and sentinels, always carefully watching him while he sleeps, and warning him of the least danger by shaking their bills into his ears and moving his head, which generally stirs the burth, peculiar cry. There seems to be a perfect understanding between bird and beast, and no sooner is the latter made sensible of this warning cry, than he springs to his feet, looks hurriedly around, and goes crashing away at his swiftest pace, the birds keep flying at his head and screaming their joy at his escape. Many a huge, ugly rhinoceros of the ground forests and jungles of Africa, at this moment, owes his life to the warning voice of these sagacious little fellow-creatures.

There are three modes of hunting the rhinoceros—stalking, on horseback, and with elephants. The first and second modes are most common in Southern Africa, and the last in the Indies, where the jungles are so dense that the animal cannot be safely attacked in the former manner. The black, one-horned species is most frequently found in the Indian jungles; and as this is the most active and ferocious, the hunt is the liveliest, even when the game is safely mounted on thorough-trained elephants.

The manner of hunting in this latter case is for a party of several experienced hunters, all mounted on the backs of some half a dozen elephants, to strike off into a marshy jungle and fire upon the first rhinoceros discovered, when either he be alone or in company with others. Alone, the first effect, before being hit, will generally be to cave himself by flight, or screen himself in a dense portion of the tangled vegetation; but once enraged by being wounded, he is very apt to attack his foe in a most vigorous and desperate manner, endeavoring, if on foot, to run down, and, if mounted, to overtake the elephant and receive the slender horn in the hinder parts of his hind quarter, where no mortal injury can be inflicted on the huge animals pouring in a perfect volley upon the attacking beast, and generally soon bringing him to the earth.

Of the hunt in Africa, we will give an illustrative incident or adventure, which we have gathered from a strictly private source.

Two English officers, respectively named Forbrooke and Stephens, had ventured back from the Cape far into the interior of that wild, almost unpeopled country, where the largest beasts of the wilderness might with propriety be called the lords of the domain. Here, sometimes alone by themselves and sometimes accompanied by a few of the natives, they had several week's sport, killing something of almost every genus, and of the different species of the antelope in great abundance.

One morning, as was sometimes their custom, they mounted their horses and set off alone on the trail of a male giraffe, which they had wounded the night before on a fountain near their camp, where the animal, with many others, had come down to slake his thirst during the hours of darkness. The trail being marked by blood, they were enabled to follow it easily, and did so for a considerable distance. It led them into a thick, dark wood, which they had apprehended for something like a mile, when they were somewhat startled by hearing a strange kind of snarling and blowing sound, accompanied with loud

snuffing and blowing of bushes a-head of them. Simultaneously dismounting their horses, they listened for a few moments to these peculiar sounds, looking inquiringly at each other.

"What is it, Stephens?" asked Forbrooke, in a low, guarded tone.

"I cannot imagine," returned the other, "unless it be an elephant. I have never heard anything exactly like it before; but from what I have read and been told, I should say it is pretty surely one of those monstrous beasts."

"Perhaps it is only the giraffe?" suggested Forbrooke.

"It may be, and it will suge it is, for I am really anxious to see one of those long-necked fellows. But we waste time in talking. Forward the game, and if it be a rhinoceros, or we should hear their furious growls."

Upon the hunters accordingly advanced at a slow gait in the direction of the noise, which continued as they had first heard it, but grew more audible every moment. Soon they reached a large thicket of wild-bush thorns, which stretched away to the right and left, and was of impassible as a hedge, and from beyond which issued the fearful sounds, now becoming somewhat louder than ever.

"It is certainly some large beast," whispered Forbrooke; "perhaps two of them engaged in a terrific combat. Let us creep cautiously on, be silvrous, or we should hear their furious growls."

Once more carefully looking to their weapons, the hunters crept on, and soon reached the thicket, till they came to an opening like an avenue, through which they could see what was taking place; and there, to their great surprise, they beheld a large, black, one-horned rhinoceros, furiously engaged in charging upon a clump of bushes, which he seemed determined to destroy, and a considerable portion of which he had already broken down, uprooted, and trampled under his heavy feet.

This being the first of the species that either of these hunters had ever seen, and knowing that it was the habit of the beast so to conduct himself on coming suddenly upon his foe in the front, they were greatly astonished and knew not what to think of it. At first they were disposed to believe that there must be some small animal secreted in the bush, which had aroused the fury of the monster; but after watching him awhile, they soon became convinced that he was merely venting his rage upon inanimate objects, and not upon any living creature in question, as to what they themselves had better do under the circumstances. It was clearly evident that the furious animal was not aware of their presence, and that he was in no personal sense by the least cross, unobserved; but this in the eyes of hunters looked like cowardice, and as a matter of course they were to add the monster to their stock of specimens, and accordingly they made ready to open their powers.

"Shall we fire upon him?" whispered Forbrooke, with a nervous working of his fingers upon the lock of his gun.

"If we do," replied the other, "I fear our leaden bullets will only serve to irritate the beast, and then most likely he will make a rush for us."

"But our horses are fleet and in good condition, and we may easily distance him, should our chances," said his companion.

"True," replied Forbrooke, "and I am so anxious to kill the beast as you are. At all events, suppose we fire, and if he does not die first then, aiming for his fore-shoulder; and if you can succeed in crippling him, I think the rest can be safely managed."

Nothing but his intense occupation with his terrible enemy could have prevented the quick stamp of bushes before him, and the loud blowing, snorting, and snuffing which seemed to him himself made, had thus for kept the dangerous monster unconscious of the presence of his enemies—for the horses of the hunters, unaccustomed to such sights, had given signs of very restless—changing their bits, snorting, tossing and pawing—at that very, when Forbrooke had resolved to fire, he found it impossible to draw sufficiently near to make sure of a correct aim.

But at length there chanced a favorable moment, with one side of the huge beast toward him, and he fired. The effect was like that of a quick concussion. The bulls evidently hit the point aimed at, for up sprang the tail of the huge mighty as well have been fastened against a stone wall. The rhinoceros sprang aside as if rather astonished than pained, wheeled face to his foes, and catching a sight of them, made a sudden and furious charge, with head down, tail up, and his nose sounding between a grunt and a bellow. The hunters attempted to take the coup through the thicket, he crushed madly through the bushes after them, and then, trampling them down as if they were so many weeds. Without stopping to look behind him, the infuriated beast spears to their horses; and when the savage creature appeared in the act of leaping the low barrier, they were at least a hundred yards distant, and their lives among the deepest recesses of the forest.

On seeing the hunters flying so fast before him, the huge animal suddenly came to a halt, with a loud blowing sound, and seemed undecided whether to pursue them or beat a retreat. At this the hunters also checked their flight, and Stephens, who was the best shot, accordingly, who now began to reload with all haste, fired both barrels at the head of the beast. More by good luck than skill, one of the balls struck him in the left eye, in a way to destroy the vision without mortally wounding him, and the other went through his flexible upper lip, downing blood, and the two ranging him to perfect madness.

With a snort of fury, the animal now made a desperate charge for his last assailant, and pursued him for half a mile with such headlong velocity, that at the end of that space not more than twenty yards divided them, although Stephens had made his fleet horse do his utmost, and torn his sides in frantic, and lacerated his face and arms in contact with branches, thorns and brambles. Seeing there was little chance of his escape in a dead race, he now bethought him of dashing upon his pursuer, and fortunately chose his blind side, and soon had the satisfaction of finding himself behind him.

Pembroke now rode up, and, while the rhinoceros was tossing about in fury amongst a new bush, Forbrooke, who had come up on his other side in his left shoulder, one of which fortunately struck a vital part, and the monster fell, and was made a jingling charge at his foe, who now fairly scrutinized him, when, seeing evidently he was not going to have the best of the encounter, he turned his back and fled with all speed.

This was the turning point in favor of the hunters, who were now in close pursuit, and for more than a mile, each alternately giving the fugitive a shot, which so fast as he could load and fire.

Finally the beast came to bay, wink and bleeding, in a small thicket, and springing from his horse and taking a position in front in front of him, Stephens fired both barrels at his head. The balls took effect in the right target, and the daring hunter, attempting to fly, slipped and fell upon his face. Before he could recover again his feet, the huge animal had passed almost over him without seeing him, one of his feet just grazing his head.

The hunters then mounted their jaded horses, and the hunters finally returned to camp, bearing in triumph the left eyeball of the brute, and thanking God they were alive to tell the story of their perilous adventure.

A SEDATIVE IN A SMALL DOSE.

We were thinking the other day, how foolish it is for people to say what they think, and how sooner they may have to among us, provided only they possess the qualities of truth, honor, and honesty. It is good, after all, that the world is constituted as it is, and without being in the executive and imperative, there would be none to obey. Were all men honest, there would be not carry out every petty dealt in person. If we had no knaves, no hypocrites, we should be none to take the first courageous, initiatory step; and, finally, if there were none of the sort in prudence, but in its rebound, debasing the salt of a healthy tone for its misuse in failure. We have no then complain, we must abandon the manner of a human enterprising establishment of the different degrees of human nature presented to his notice, his only object being, to manage to cast into it a fury, new and then, with your deceitful on-the-fence people. It stirs your blood, and as heathenishly as their flippantly remarks on a very earnest question: "Antagonism, my dear fellow, which makes your countenances look?" We hug to our souls the truthful and reliable with a vigor which only can be known to a man who has been deceived, deceived, vice-ridded people. Let them go on trying to make us believe that they are honest, and we'll rest on the ground at last. We, for one, can stand it with that sedative in small dose.

FANNY FERN.

HOW TO ADMONISH.

We must consult the greatest manner and softest seasons of silence; our advice must not fall like a sudden storm upon a man, and making those to droop whom it is meant to cheer and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like smiling flakes of snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are any who cannot bear to hear counsel or advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to give it in a proper vehicle, and can qualify the harshness of it with gentleness and good manners; human nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetness and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet to skill to wind it about with tenderness and friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and complacency of behavior will disarm the most obstinate; whereas if, instead of calmly pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cause to have any influence.

A SCOTCHMAN, who had put up at an inn, was asked in the morning how he had slept. "Troth, man," replied Donald, "nae very well either, but I was muckle better off than the boys, for de'il ane o' them closed an e'e the hale night."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us from time to time. We have no other means of answering them than through the columns of the Ledger, and we do so for the purpose of inducing the subscribers to live. They are of genuine, practical interest to good fellowship, and to the well-being of our society.

CLIMB.—No American can justly claim the merit of originating the idea of the West Point Military Academy, because institutions similar to that had existed long before the period he thought of. The establishment of the Academy was recommended by Gen. Washington in more than one of his messages, but the first intimation of the necessity of such an institution arose in the letter of a friend to John Adams, in which he alluded to the want of good officers in the revolutionary army, used the following language: "It was customary with the British officers to have a military school, in which the flower of their nobility, and those whose interests and ambition prompted them to aspire to the first dignities, learned the art of war. From among these they selected all their general officers." These words were taken up by the friend of Adams, and, being communicated to Gen. Washington, were finally adopted by John Adams, who was the first to suggest the idea of a military school